

## Friday Night

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# Friday Night

by [rosiex](#)

## Summary

'So would u be up for round 2 in person?'

After their unexpected night of phone sex, Jeongguk and Taehyung finally find themselves alone in the house.

(this is a follow up to Talk Dirty, though could potentially be read as a standalone too)

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

"You better start setting the table, or I think Seokjin may actually throw that knife at you."

The whispered words of advice come from over his shoulder, breaking him out of his daze. He looks down at the plates in his hand as though just remembering where he is. Hoseok steps round to stand in front of him, a quizzical expression upon his features.

"Are you okay?" he asks, concern edging the humour from his voice. "You've seemed odd all day. You're not getting sick again are you?"

Jeongguk shakes his head firmly. "No, no, sorry. Just tired is all."

He smiles back at his friend before quickly heading over to the table and beginning to lay the plates out for everyone. He can feel Hoseok's eyes burning into his back as he tries to focus on the task at hand. Hoseok is of course right; he has been totally on edge all day. But how exactly can he explain the cause to anyone here? *Oh, sorry I'm a bit preoccupied today, but me and Tae kind of had really hot phone sex last week, and now he's coming back and we might fuck in real life.* No, Jeongguk thinks it's definitely best to lie on this occasion.

There's a lot of noise in the kitchen: the clatter of cutlery, Seokjin's mutterings about the food not cooking as quickly as usual, Namjoon and Yoongi showing each other something on their phones. Jeongguk feels as though he's been occupying his own little space all of today. He's replayed his call with Taehyung in endlessly in his mind this last week, re-reading the text messages more than any sane person should. He can't believe that in a few minutes the man in question will actually be walking back into his life. God, he hopes it's not going to be too weird seeing him. The sound of a door bangs and Jeongguk near enough jumps into the air, but settles again when he sees that it's only Jimin walking into the kitchen.

He goes to pour himself a glass of water, just to distract himself more than anything. *Just calm the hell down; this is Tae* he repeats in his mind like a mantra but it's too late. He's barely taken a sip when there's another bang of a door, and Taehyung's walking into the kitchen. He's met by a flurry of greetings, some of the members rushing over to hug him, welcoming him back. And then suddenly Taehyung's standing in front of him, a sincere and happy smile on his face, and Jeongguk hadn't realised just quite how much he has missed his friend.

"No hug for me?" Taehyung asks playfully.

There's barely a second before Jeongguk flings his arms around him, feeling the tight squeeze around his back as Taehyung hugs him back easily. He takes a moment longer than the others to enjoy the embrace, revelling in the fact that he is back home, he's actually here, and that things don't feel awkward at all. He feels relieved and happy and excited all at once.

"Come on, sit, sit," Seokjin beckons to them all as he starts to dish up dinner.

They break apart and share a grin. It's warm and cheerful but there's also a flicker of something new, a promise of something more, and Jeongguk's stomach somersaults.

Jeongguk feels pretty pleased with himself, managing to remain visibly calm and engaged during the dinner. This is despite the fact that every time his eyes meet with Taehyung's it feels like his nerves are set alight, and that whenever he listens to Taehyung tell a story he can't help but imagine the bright and enthusiastic voice speaking those filthy words that he uttered to Jeongguk down the phone line. It almost doesn't seem real that at some point he will get to do those wanton acts with him just like they'd described, potentially even more. He feels as though he's getting dizzy just thinking about it.

Unfortunately three weeks later and there still hasn't been a chance for them to spend more than the briefest moment alone due to their schedule, and Jeongguk seriously worries that he's in danger of just jumping Taehyung in public. The promise of a night with his friend to indulge in nothing but pleasure is seriously fraying his nerves, the moment so close but frustratingly out of reach. He consoles himself in the fact that at least he gets Taehyung's company every day, enjoying the easy conversations that still flow and the crazy antics that so often get them in trouble with the older members. He's so glad to have him back as a constant presence in his daily life but he's craving that something more, and from the way he sometimes catches Taehyung looking at him, he's sure that he feels the same.

The fates finally align for them on a Friday night.

Seokjin leaves first, heading home for a weekend visit to see his parents. Then later that afternoon Yoongi and Namjoon retreat to the studio with a warning not to worry if they don't make it back that night as they have a lot of tracks that they need to work on. When Jimin and Hoseok announce that they're heading to the movies, but it's a film that he's already seen, Jeongguk can barely believe his ears.

He feels awful for the elation that floods through him at their departure - he loves spending time with both of them and celebrating their absence seems wrong somehow. But they are insistent that they're not offended when he notes that he's seen it before, and they're similarly unflustered when Taehyung awakes from his nap long enough to state that he feels too tired to go out.

And suddenly, with the last closure of the front door, they're alone. The knot of nerves that seems to have been steadily growing inside Jeongguk all day, hell, for the last month, tightens. He can't actually believe it. They are alone, finally. Jeongguk grins with excitement, looks over at Taehyung and- he's asleep. He's fucking *asleep*. Jeongguk knows he's been dozing on and off during the afternoon; his feet are resting in Jeongguk's lap as he lays stretched out on the couch, so it's hard to ignore. But still, really? Now he's not sure what to do. He knows that potentially they only have a few hours together and who knows when the next chance may be, but it feels a bit crass and awkward to wake your friend up to remind them that *hey, shouldn't we really be having sex right now?*

Jeongguk shifts a little on the couch, the proximity of Taehyung and the knowledge of their solitude causing every inch of his body to feel charged up, on edge. He tries to watch the TV, the volume on low, but he's not really taking anything in, the feel of Taehyung's ankle resting on his thigh proving much more interesting. He's unsure how much time has passed when he eventually hears it.

"Hey."

Taehyung's voice is sleepy. Jeongguk looks over to see him rubbing his eyes and sweeping the hair back from his forehead.

"Hey," Jeongguk replies, a little stupidly he feels, but he keeps his gaze on the other man nonetheless.

"House seems quiet," Taehyung mumbles, noting the absence of the usual raucousness as he stifles a yawn. His arms stretch out lazily over his head before coming back to rest by his sides.

"Yeah, it's um, well- it's just us," Jeongguk tells him, trying desperately to hide any nerves in his voice.

He watches as the comprehension of that sentence gradually reaches Taehyung's eyes. His features sharpen just slightly, tiredness apparently quickly driven away by this new knowledge.

"Oh." He clears his throat a little. "I see."

Jeongguk keeps watching him. He follows the rise and fall of his throat as he swallows thickly, noting the way his breathing seems to deepen slightly. Taehyung's eyes flicker up and lock with his own.

Suddenly Jeongguk seems to feel everything at once. That want, that overwhelming need for this to happen that he felt on the phone call comes surging back through him. He remembers the words that were said, the promises of pleasure, and the surprising realisation of how badly he ached to do those things with Taehyung. At the same time time he's flooded with panic precisely because, well, this is *Taehyung*. This is one of his closest friends. Sure, that phone call was wild and fun and unexpected, but *this*. This is taking things to another level. It's making a clear decision to jump into something entirely unknown, and it honestly scares him. The mixture of emotions is almost too much to feel in one moment.

Taehyung keeps on looking at him and Jeongguk wonders if he can see it in him, this huge mess of lust and fear and curiosity swirling inside his chest. He tries to remember to keep breathing. Taehyung doesn't drop his gaze and for a few moments all that Jeongguk can hear is the sound of the TV mixed in with their louder than usual breaths, noticeably shakier than usual. Taehyung swallows heavily once more before eventually speaking.

"C'mere," he says, shifting onto his side so that there's space for Jeongguk to lie down next to him. Jeongguk does so, laying down on the couch on his side too so that they're face to face. Taehyung's arm drapes over his waist and Jeongguk's ankle slides between Taehyung's feet.

"Guk, I know we talked about a lot of stuff on our call that night and that we promised a lot of things after. But you know, we don't have to do anything if you prefer to keep it as a one-off," he says softly.

Jeongguk feels himself immediately tense up at the words, and he wishes that his voice didn't sound quite so alarmed as he asks, "You want to keep it as a one-off?"

"No, no, definitely not," Taehyung reassures him immediately. "I just wanted to be clear, like, you can back out of this whenever. No pressure."

Jeongguk does appreciate Taehyung's concern, but the idea that their night together might be taken away is even more terrifying than

actually going through with it, and he's certain that this is what he wants. Taehyung eyes him, seeming rather nervous of the answer.

"I don't want to back out," he replies, quiet but firm.

A wide smile breaks out on Taehyung's face and Jeongguk swears he feels his feet do an excited wiggle. "Okay, okay good," he says with a breathy laugh.

Jeongguk can't help but return the smile, Taehyung's happiness as infectious as ever. It helps to quell some of his nerves, but at the same time reminds him exactly who he's about to do this with; it's an exhilarating kind of fear, stepping off into the unknown like this. Taehyung shifts a bit closer and his tongue darts out to wet his lips. He feels Taehyung's arm slide a little tighter around him.

"Cos I haven't been able to stop thinking about it," he says, eyes remaining fixed on Jeongguk's. His smile is still there but his voice drops in tone to something huskier.

"Yeah?" Jeongguk breathes. His stomach feels like he's just taken that step and that now he's falling, but quite into what he's not sure. God, was Taehyung's face always this close to his?

"Yeah," Taehyung repeats. "I never thought I'd hear such things coming from your mouth Gukkie."

Jeongguk feels his cheeks heat up and he really hopes that his blush isn't showing. It's one thing having chats like that over the phone, but he realises how much less confident he is voicing them whilst face-to-face with his hyung. That's not the only thing causing his face to burn. Taehyung's still grinning and it's mostly playful, but there's a fire in his eyes now, a slight wildness, and Jeongguk's *never* been looked at like that by him before. It makes his stomach twist, excited and unbalanced at the same time. He's not sure whether he does it to remove the focus of Taehyung's gaze or whether it's because he can't quite hold back the nervous desire that's spiralling inside of him, but without really being conscious of it he leans in and presses their lips together.

Taehyung lets out a muffled noise of surprise, clearly not expecting the forward move, but he doesn't protest. Taehyung's kissing him back, and when he feels the soft flick of tongue against his lips Jeongguk parts them willingly. There had been no mention of kissing on their phone call or the following texts, he knows that, but the urge to do so had flooded through him and he couldn't hold back. Luckily

Taehyung doesn't seem to mind. In fact if anything he's shifting closer, his arm pulling Jeongguk tighter against him. Jeongguk snakes his own arm around the older man's back, hand gripping lightly in the fabric of his shirt. The kiss is quite frantic and not especially refined, but it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter at all; they are kissing, their bodies pressed together, and Jeongguk can't quite take in this unreal moment.

He's close to Taehyung but he wants to be closer. He tentatively moves his leg to slide over Taehyung's and it's met by a soft groan of encouragement that's swallowed by the kiss. Taehyung's hand pulls back from his waist. Jeongguk's kind of worried that he's done something wrong, but then he feels that same hand slide underneath his shirt and now he's really worried because he's pretty sure that having your friend trace their fingers across your skin shouldn't be able to set your nerves alight quite so easily. Taehyung shuffles even closer, their bodies getting completely entwined and shit, he's getting hard. They're both in sweatpants so it's going to be pretty obvious soon. Jeongguk feels a little embarrassed at how he's got turned on so much and so quickly just from kissing but then-

Oh. Okay. Taehyung rolls a little that that he's draped half his body over Jeongguk's and yep, he can feel that Taehyung's just as excited, an unmistakable hardness pressing against his thigh. This is definitely new territory. Jeongguk feels yet another jolt in his stomach as it seems to make this whole thing more real. They keep kissing, their tongues gliding easily together as they explore each other's mouths greedily, hungry for each other's taste. Jeongguk's just about come to terms with the fact that he could just about keep on kissing Taehyung forever when suddenly the other man pulls away from him, breaking their mouths apart.

"Fuck," he mutters, running a hand briefly through Jeongguk's hair as he looks down at him. Jeongguk's been on the end of his intense stares before but never in this sort of scenario. He feels unable to look away from the deep brown of his eyes, trapped in his gaze. God, he wants him. He feels it rising within him, the passionate make out session stoking his desire rather than fulfilling it.

Taehyung keeps his eyes on him for a few more moments before abruptly standing up and holding out his hand. Jeongguk stares blankly at him for a moment, completely shellshocked still from the kissing and not quite sure what's going on. Taehyung raises an eyebrow, unable to suppress the smile breaking out on his face.



"Bedroom?"

Realisation dawns on Jeongguk and it must be obvious on his face as Taehyung laughs brightly. Jeongguk now eagerly accepts his hand and the help getting up from the couch. He doesn't have time to feel embarrassed at his keen reaction however as he's being near enough dragged out of the room and up the stairs, their footsteps much quicker than normal. They pass the empty beds of Hoseok and Jimin and he silently prays that they don't come back early from the movies. They reach the foot of Taehyung's bed, then come to a halt. They both glance at the bed, then at each other, then share a small, nervous laugh.

As much as they may have spoken about this on their call and the messages, and as much as they clearly have both thought about it since, the reality of what is potentially about to happen seems to fully sink in now that they're here. As blurry as the boundaries of their friendship may have become over the last month, this is- well, this is pretty big. Their arms drop to their sides but their fingers still clasp together lightly on the one hand. Taehyung's eyes search his face, looking anxiously for any sign that Jeongguk's changed his mind. Watching his friend stand in front of him Jeongguk feels something stir in his chest. There's the trace of a smile still playing on Taehyung's lips, his expression open and warm despite his anxiousness. He knows that Taehyung would never judge him, whether he leaves or stays. He feels a huge rush of affection for the man before him, mixed in with the countless other emotions he's been experiencing this evening.

Jeongguk steps forward to close the gap between them, capturing his lips in another kiss. It's not as frantic this time, but it loses none of the passion. Taehyung's free hand grabs onto Jeongguk's waist, pulling them close once more. The kiss stutters a little when their hips rub together, the feeling sending a low wave of pleasure through Jeongguk. Their hands eventually unlink, Jeongguk's coming to rest on a shoulder and Taehyung's cupping the younger man's jaw. Their tongues roll against each other, the kiss deepening as Taehyung's hand slides from Jeongguk's jaw to rest at the back of his head.

Jeongguk feels completely lost in the kiss. It doesn't make it weird that it's Taehyung he's kissing; in fact, he thinks, it makes it better. At some point Taehyung shuffles backwards and he sits on the end of the bed. Jeongguk slides onto his lap without breaking the kiss, knees either side of Taehyung's hips. He can't believe that they've never done this before. Kissing Taehyung, feeling the slow, deep glide of their tongues together - it's like satisfying a craving that Jeongguk never knew that

he had. His arms snake around Taehyung's shoulders, one raising to thread through Taehyung's hair.

He feels hands slipping beneath his shirt, roaming across his back, the slightest scrape of fingernails every so often. Taehyung's hands move over his back with long strokes as though trying to feel every inch until eventually they come to rest at the hem of his shirt. He feels Taehyung pause and he knows that the other man is caught between wanting to remove it but also not wanting to push Jeongguk too far, too fast. Jeongguk helps him out, taking hold of the edge of his top and breaking the kiss to tug it off and over his head. Taehyung's hands drop to his thighs as the shirt falls to the floor behind him.

They're both breathing heavily from the kissing and from the situation in general. Taehyung's eyes are dark and intense, his lips glistening from the kiss, his hair messy from Jeongguk's hand. Taehyung's gaze drops to Jeongguk's chest, eyes travelling over him hungrily. Jeongguk feels Taehyung's hands twitch slightly against his thighs as he bites down hard on his lower lip. He looks like he's trying to restrain himself from something he wants badly and god, it's insane how much it turns Jeongguk on.

"Touch me, please," he whispers, the surge of arousal flooding through him making him more confident in voicing what he wants.

Taehyung tentatively reaches out a hand, his long fingers splaying across the younger's abdomen. He rubs across the muscles there, thumb tracing the defined lines before his other hands joins. He runs his hands over Jeongguk's chest, slow and deliberate. Jeongguk rests his forehead against Taehyung's and closes his eyes, letting himself focus only on the feel of the hands on his body, on the sound of their breathing. He takes the moment to try to calm himself a little, becoming overwhelmed by knowing that this is his friend, his Taehyung, touching him like this.

"Up. Stand up," Taehyung requests. His voice is shaking as he speaks, full of undisguised want, want for Jeongguk, and it's so, so hot. Shit, Jeongguk thinks t's somewhat worrying just how much his voice is affecting him.

He stands up and he's surprised that his legs can support him right now, weak from Taehyung's touch. It's a feeling that's not helped in any way when Taehyung removes his own shirt. He's seen his hyung shirtless hundreds of times, but in a setting like this it's altogether different. He wants to reach out, to feel those ridges and smooth

planes beneath his fingers, but then Taehyung starts to tug down Jeongguk's sweatpants and he loses the ability to think coherently. Taehyung gets them down as far as he can reach from his spot still sitting on the bed before Jeongguk steps out of them.

Jeongguk watches that tongue dart out to moisten his lips and he's feeling so giddy. He's just in his boxers now, standing in front of the other man. His arousal is clear, a patch of the material stained dark with precome. He's a bit self-conscious, standing here under the other's gaze but then Taehyung leans in and Jeongguk can't help but gasp in surprise as he presses a soft, open mouthed kiss to his chest, followed by another, then another. He feels hands rubbing at his sides, thumbs every now and then dipping beneath the waistband of his boxers as warm lips travel over his chest. He can't take it anymore, Taehyung's kisses and touches driving him crazy with want. Jeongguk sidesteps any feelings of sheepishness and he pushes his boxers down and off.

It only really hits him once they're off that he's standing naked, fully fucking naked in front of his friend. It's all kinds of crazy and surreal and yes, exciting too. Taehyung's jaw has gone a little slack and he doesn't try to hide the way he's staring at Jeongguk's cock. Jeongguk sees him swallow heavily, watches him wet his lips again, and just when Jeongguk worries he might pass out from just how ridiculously hot the image is, Taehyung looks up and gives him a smile that is so very happy and nervous and affectionate all at once that it makes Jeongguk's stomach flutter in a very different way.

"Fuck, Guk," he grins up at him. His voice is breathless, husky, but also excited, and Jeongguk can't help but grin back, like they both realise how completely mad this situation is.

It's a moment that doesn't last for long however, because the next thing he knows Taehyung's reaching out and he feels warm fingers wrap around his cock, and he's completely gone. He hears the groan that falls from his lips, slipping out unaware as he finally gets the touch he's been dying to feel for so long. And then Taehyung's hand starts moving, sliding slowly along the length of his cock, and Jeongguk has to focus all his energy into not coming right there and then. Fuck, that would be embarrassing.

Jeongguk's fingers grip onto his shoulders and he tries desperately to steady his breathing but to no avail. Taehyung's hand is too good, too warm. After a few more strokes Taehyung drops his hand and Jeongguk whines, actually whines at the loss of contact. He doesn't

have chance to worry about his reaction for long though as suddenly he's being spun round to take Taehyung's spot on the bed. And then he's not entirely sure what happens as his mind goes blank due to the fact that Taehyung's dropping to his knees in front of him.

"Tae, fuck," Jeongguk gasps as he takes in the sight.

Taehyung smiles up at him, soft and eager. He takes hold of Jeongguk's cock at the base, steadying it before he leans in, licking a long, wet stripe from base to tip.

"Oh god," Jeongguk sighs.

His hands immediately fly to grip in Taehyung's hair. He sees Taehyung glance up at him, wetting his lips with his tongue before wrapping them around Jeongguk's cock and slowly, tantalisingly, sinking all the way down. Jeongguk's head drops back and a quiet choked sound escapes his throat. It feels fucking *heavenly*. Taehyung's mouth is so hot and wet and everything he needs right now. He remembers talking about this on their phone call but god, this feels better than he ever could have imagined.

His head falls forward to watch as Taehyung goes down on him and his body's on fire. Taehyung's tongue flattens against his length as he hollows his cheeks. Jeongguk's hands tighten a little in his hair, guiding but not forcing the slick slide of his lips. His mouth works him expertly, knowing how and when to go harder and softer, where to lick and to suck. It's all kinds of amazing.

"So good Tae," he whispers, sounding almost awestruck.

The older man moans a little around him, the vibration making his head spin with the sensation. He lets it take over him, sinking into the wetness, a familiar heat pooling low inside him. It's too good, too much. He doesn't want to give into it yet.

"Hyung, stop," he gasps out.

Taehyung does so immediately, looking up at him through his lashes. Jeongguk tugs on his hair slightly to indicate that he wants him to stand up and he does so willingly. Jeongguk barely has a moment to collect himself before he's being pushed to lie back on the bed, Taehyung clambering over him and bringing their mouths together. He can taste himself on Taehyung's tongue and it turns him on even more, though he's not sure that's actually possible.

The kiss breaks and Jeongguk shifts further up the bed to lie flat, propping himself up on his elbows. He watches as Taehyung eagerly pulls off his sweatpants and boxers in one go and then he really can't look away. His cock is thick and hard, glistening with precome. Taehyung strokes himself lightly a few times in anticipation, clearly the wait to be touched proving too long. He bites down on his lip and his eyes flutter closed for the briefest moment. Jeongguk feels his mouth go dry. He never could have imagined few weeks ago that he would one day see his best friend like this, let alone how much desire it would inspire in him.

Taehyung's eyes meet Jeongguk's and he crawls back over to him, his body sliding over the younger's. Jeongguk's never felt Taehyung's skin against his like this before, their hips and chests pressed hotly together. It feels so good, the way they slide together, the way Taehyung's cock rubs against his own. Taehyung lets a small whimper escape him and Jeongguk immediately wants more. He wants Taehyung moaning for him just like did on their call, sounds that he hasn't been able to get out of his mind for the last month.

Jeongguk wraps his arms around Taehyung and deftly flips him over onto his back, reversing their positions. He reaches down and takes hold of Taehyung's cock, savouring the weight of it, the heat under his fingers, as he slowly starts stroking him. Taehyung groans loudly, eyes closing and mouth falling open a little. He looks completely lost in the feeling of it. Jeongguk knows it's utterly insane what they're doing, but fuck if it doesn't feel amazing. He's not entirely sure how they're going to go back to simply being friends after this; how he can be possibly be around the other knowing just how *good* it feels taking things further. He pushes it to the back of his mind, focusing instead of the smooth glide of his hand working Taehyung's cock. He leans down, running his lips along Taehyung's jaw, biting gently at his earlobe before letting his mouth travel down his neck.

Taehyung is gasping beneath him and Jeongguk can't quite believe that it's him that's drawing out those sounds. He focuses his mouth on the spot where the neck meets collarbone, working it with his lips and tongue. His hand still strokes Taehyung's cock, keeping his pace steady despite the way Taehyung keeps pushing his hips up into his hand. He swipes his thumb over the slit, timing it with a soft scrape of teeth at the spot he's been working. Taehyung's hand rubs at the back of his neck, encouraging him.

"Guk, I-" he breathes out, but the rest of the sentence is lost as Jeongguk tightens his grip ever so slightly, melting into a low moan

instead. Jeongguk can't get enough of hearing it and he speeds his hand up a little too, earning a similar reaction. He gets an overwhelming desire to make Taehyung feel so good, to make him come. He wants to feel him and see him and hear him shuddering as he finishes.

"Gukkie," Taehyung tries again, his voice catching slightly in his throat.

"Yes hyung?" Jeongguk murmurs against his neck. Fuck, his skin tastes good. Is that even a thing? Jeongguk's not sure but it doesn't stop him continuing to mouth at him there.

"I want- ah, shit, Guk," he breaks off as Jeongguk twists his wrist in just the right way. He moans softly once more, sending yet another jolt of pleasure through Jeongguk. "I want- I mean, will you- w-will you fuck me?"

Jeongguk immediately stills at his words. He pulls back in order to look at Taehyung. His hair is in disarray, his face flushed with a fine sheen of sweat; his mouth is open a little as he pants. Through hooded eyes he looks at Jeongguk like he's never needed anything or anyone so badly. Jeongguk thinks it's probably the most erotic thing he's ever seen.

"Yes," he says breathlessly.

If he thought what they've done so far has felt completely unreal, the idea of what they're about to do next is just dizzying. He wants to - he wants to so badly it's almost painful. He hasn't been able to get the thought of it out of his mind since receiving that text message. But at the same time, this is a whole new level of intimacy. He pushes the hair back from his face and sits up more, his eyes still locked on Taehyung's. He's consumed with want for the other man, craving to feel that ultimate closeness. He runs his hands slowly and carefully over Taehyung's thighs, over his chest, down his arms. He feels so lucky to have him in his life, so lucky that he wants to do these things with Jeongguk.

Taehyung holds his gaze as he does so, body arching slightly into the touch. Once Jeongguk's hands finish tracing their way down his arms he stretches out towards the bedside table, his hand rummaging in the top drawer before retrieving a small bottle, rolling it in Jeongguk's direction along with a condom. He swallows hard. Sure he's fooled around with guys before but there were only a few times that things

actually went this far. He can barely believe that this time it will be with Taehyung. He pops the lid of the lube and pours some onto his index finger. Taehyung's watching him the whole time; from the deep rise and fall of his chest Jeongguk can tell he's breathing heavily, anticipating what's coming.

Jeongguk's hand drops down. Slowly and carefully he presses his finger inside Taehyung. He has to bite down on his lip to hold back his own moan that is threatening to escape from him. He's tight, really tight, and Jeongguk's cock throbs painfully as he imagines how it will feel around him. Taehyung's eyes fall closed as Jeongguk pushes all the way in, adjusting to how it feels. After giving him a few moments he starts to move his finger more, still being cautious. He slides it in a slow back and forth, waiting for Taehyung to let him know it's okay.

"More," Taehyung whispers, his eyes opening. "And you don't have to be quite so careful with me." Taehyung throws him a smile, reassuring and gentle despite being laced with lust.

"Oh, sorry," Jeongguk says, a bit flustered. He pours a bit more of the liquid over his fingers.

"Don't apologise. It's nice," Taehyung says. "It's just that, well- when you fuck me, I want you to fuck me hard."

Jeongguk's eyes widen and he's surprised he doesn't drop the bottle in his hand. Seriously, is Taehyung trying to kill him? A huge surge of desire spreads through every inch of him, staring down at Taehyung who's looking back at him as though entirely unaware of how arousing that statement was. Jeongguk doesn't say anything, just swallows heavily once more and pushes back inside him with two fingers. He moves them a bit less cautiously this time but still takes care to make sure that he's not causing any pain. Taehyung moves his hips to meet his fingers and Jeongguk can see the way his stomach tightens as he lifts and presses down. He finally adds a third finger sliding back and forth, crooking them as he searches, seeking out a way to get Taehyung feeling so-

"Fuck." It's gasped out by Taehyung and Jeongguk moves his hand in a similar way again, gaining a similar reaction. It's addictive, making him feel good. Taehyung's near writhing beneath him, craving more of the feeling. Seeing him like this is making Jeongguk just ache to be inside him.

"You ready?" he asks softly, feeling the swirl of anticipation and

excitement keep growing in his chest. Taehyung nods desperately and Jeongguk fumbles for the condom, hands trembling slightly in anticipation as he rolls it down and then makes sure it's properly coated with the lube.

"Like this?" he asks, referring to their positioning. He hopes Taehyung says yes, because he kind of wants to see his face when they do this.

"Yes, yes, please," Taehyung murmurs and seeing him so worked up and ready stokes that deep want inside of Jeongguk even further. He moves over him, pushing back one leg as he feels the other hooking over his lower back. He lines his cock up, watching Taehyung's face as he slowly starts to slide into him.

Oh god. Oh *god*. It feels incredible. Taehyung's eyes are closed, jaw slack, fingers twisting in the sheet beside him. Jeongguk slowly inches all the way in until he can't get any deeper and he just holds there for a moment. His face drops to bury against Taehyung's neck as he lets the sensation overwhelm him. He's so tight and hot and it's Tae, it's *Tae* he's buried inside, and he doesn't think anything's ever felt quite so good.

He feels Taehyung start to wriggle a little under him and he takes this as his cue to start moving. He pulls back, looking down at Taehyung again and this time receives his gaze in return. He slides almost all the way out before pushing back in, a little more forceful than he intended but Taehyung doesn't seem to mind. In fact he moans lowly, his eye contact only breaking when his eyes flutter closed momentarily.

"Yes Guk," he exhales and Jeongguk slides in just as hard the next time.

It only takes a few more attempts before he finds the right angle to hit that spot deep inside. Taehyung groans, the sound so full of unmistakable pleasure that it makes Jeongguk just ache to give him more. He pulls back a little before hitting the same spot again. And again. Taehyung arches his back and shudders and gasps under him as Jeongguk starts to build up a rhythm. He looks kind of, well, beautiful laid out beneath him Jeongguk thinks, even though he knows it's a pretty fucking weird thought.

His fingers grip onto Taehyung's hip tightly as he fucks him hard. He gets so deep inside him, never pulling out more than halfway before thrusting back into him. It feels completely amazing being inside him.



"Fuck, you feel so good," Jeongguk tells him through panted breaths.

Taehyung moans in response to the words, his nails digging into Jeongguk's arm as he runs his hands over them. Jeongguk drives into him faster now. Any concern he had about being too rough with Taehyung is long gone. His voice has become a near constant stream of moans and gasps beneath Jeongguk, pushing his hips up to meet Jeongguk's thrusts as much as possible, and he's looking almost euphoric. In turn Jeongguk gives him what he wants, what they both want; he fucks him harder, goes deeper. He wants to do this all night, never wanting to lose this feeling, but Jeongguk's really not sure how much longer he's going to last. He was so close before from Taehyung's touch and his mouth, but now that he's inside Taehyung that familiar tight knot of pressure is gathering quicker and quicker deep in the pit of his stomach.

"Guk, god," Taehyung breathes out. "Love how you fuck me."

His words send Jeongguk's mind spinning. He just wants to kiss him and fuck him and god, he just wants *more* of him, though he's not even really sure what that means. He leans in to bring their mouths together. The kiss is wet and a little sloppy, desperate for each other as they are. Jeongguk's hand reaches down to stroke Taehyung's cock, as though needing to feel as much of him at once as possible. The new touch causes Taehyung to break the kiss, head falling back onto the pillow, eyes scrunched up.

"Shit, I'm gonna-"

He doesn't manage to finish his sentence before Jeongguk feels a warm wetness covering his hand. It catches him unawares, the way Taehyung tightens around his cock when he slides in, and then suddenly his orgasm hits him, a wave of hot pleasure rushing through his body as he comes deep inside Taehyung.

It hits him with such force that he can't help but collapse onto Taehyung afterwards, their chests pressed together in a sticky mess. His face is buried in Taehyung's shoulder, hearing the other man's breathing loud against his ear.

*Fuck.* Jeongguk's not sure if he'll ever be able to think straight again. As much as he'd thought about this night he never imagined it would be as incredible as that.

He realises he's still inside Taehyung. He props himself up onto shaky elbows and carefully slides himself out, Taehyung only wincing just a

little, and he tosses the condom onto the floor. Jeongguk flops onto his back next to Taehyung on the cramped bed. He's sweaty and breathless and his chest is covered in Taehyung's come. The craziness of the situation starts to sink in once again. Shit, how are they going to go back to normal after this?

He stares up at the ceiling, anxiousness pooling in his chest. His breathing slowly starts to calm down. Then he hears Taehyung laugh beside him.

"Well, that was different."

Jeongguk glances over. Taehyung's grinning. Their eyes meet and then Jeongguk's laughing too. It's relief and happiness and nerves all mixed together. He doesn't want to lose Taehyung's friendship over this experience and as long as he's laughing he thinks that maybe they'll be fine. He tries to ignore that small feeling that's been hovering inside him, like perhaps there's more that he needs from him now. That perhaps this has changed things on some level - or that maybe nothing's changed, but rather he's discovered something that he hadn't realised was already lurking inside him.

Their laughter dies away and Jeongguk feels warm fingertips resting lightly on his wrist. It's an oddly sweet touch, like just letting him know that Taehyung's there, and it makes his stomach clench. He looks back up at the ceiling.

He knows that they should really get up. He doesn't want to be responsible for the heart attacks that would be caused if Hoseok and Jimin were to walk back into the room right now. But for the moment he stays laying there, looking ahead of him and memorising the touch of fingertips.

"So I should probably take a shower," Taehyung eventually announces. Jeongguk nods and keeps looking up, his line of vision only broken when Taehyung's face comes hovering into view over his. His eyes travel over Jeongguk's face as though contemplating something, before finally leaning down and kissing him.

Jeongguk feels somewhat confused. He figured the kissing would be confined to getting caught up in the moment of what they were just doing. He doesn't question it though but instead he savours the feeling. His hand threads through Taehyung's hair, deepening the kiss. He worries that he may seem a little needy but he's honestly past caring, just wanting to hold onto this as long as possible. The kiss is

slow, really slow; soft and, well, pretty much perfect. He almost sighs when Taehyung pulls back but stops himself.

"Right. Shower." Taehyung says to himself and Jeongguk feels some pride in how he sounds a little dazed after the kiss. He stands up and ruffles Jeongguk's hair as he walks past him, grinning as his hand is swiftly batted away.

"Get off," Jeongguk mutters, though he smiles.

"Well, while I'm showering you can have a little think," Taehyung suggests without further explanation. He says no more, clearly waiting to be asked to continue, and Jeongguk eventually takes the bait.

"Think about what?"

"About whether you're up for round three."

Jeongguk feels his stomach flip. Round three? His mind whirls. He's not sure what Taehyung means. If phone sex was one and actual sex was round two then what on earth could be next? For reasons unknown his mind immediately goes to some sort of hardcore underground S&M club or something suitably next level. He blanches a little at the prospect.

"What's round three?" he asks, trying to keep his voice as calm and casual as he possibly can.

Taehyung smiles wide.

"A date."

## End Notes

So I wasn't originally planning on writing a follow up to 'Talk Dirty' but I had such a lovely response and encouragement to write them actually doing the deed that this ended up happening (who am I to refuse TaeKook). I truly have no idea how this ended up so long lol.

I really hope you enjoyed - as always, comments are very much welcomed and loved <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!